ATARI FORCE™

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ATARI FORCE

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ATARI FORCE

PHOENIX

ZAM ZAM

ZAM!

PULL BACK! YOU'RE LOSING YOUR SHIELDS!

WITH YOUR PROBE-SHIPS BLASTED BY THAT DEATH-RAY, YOU'RE DEFENSELESS!

WARP OUT, OR THEY'LL DESTROY YOU!

TOO LATE, COMMANDER!

THAT MALAGLON SAUCER JUST WASTED MY LAST REMOTE FIGHTER-PROBE!

THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER!

SAVE YOURSELF!

CAN'T, COMMANDER! NO POWER-- NO ESCAPE POD--

--NO CHANCE!

YAAAA--

WHRAAAA

NOW IT'S MOVING IN--FOR THE KILL!

USE YOUR ESCAPE POD--GET OUT OF THERE!

KRAM

IT'S--IT'S OVER, MARTIN.

DAVID FAILED--LIKE ALL THE OTHERS--!

END TRANSMISS

SUCH A WASTE...!

HE WAS A FRIEND, O'ROURKE... A GOOD FRIEND...

...AND NOW HE'S GONE!

ATARI HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX, IN NORTHCAL, ON THE WAR-WEARY GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, IN THE YEAR 2005 A.D...

ATARI TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH INSTITUTE, HOPE FOR EARTH'S FUTURE AND HOME BASE FOR COMMANDER CHAMPION AND THE ATARI FORCE...

YOU'RE BLAMING YOURSELF, MARTIN-- AND YOU SHOULDN'T.

DAVID HAD THE BEST TRAINING MY SECURITY TEAM COULD PROVIDE--

MAYBE YOUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH, LI SAN.

CHAMPION DIDN'T MEAN THAT, O'ROURKE.

HE'S BEEN UNDER A TERRIBLE STRAIN SINCE THE PHOENIX.

BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, LUCAS--

NONSENSE.

--YOU'RE VOLUNTEERS, ALL OF YOU.

BUT I WONDER IF YOU FULLY REALIZE--

--YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING FOR A MISSION THAT'S ALMOST CERTAIN SUICIDE!

SO FAR, MISSION: PHOENIX HAS CLAIMED TEN LIVES.

FRIENDS OF YOURS... FRIENDS OF MINE...

...AND THE END IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER

GUN TURRET

PROBE

FUEL

FUEL

FUEL

FUEL

GUN BATTERY

PROBE

ROCKET LAUNCHER

SOME BACKGROUND. THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, DESIGNED BY ATARI ENGINEERS TO INCORPORATE THE MOST ADVANCED REMOTE-WEAPON SYSTEM EVER CONCEIVED--

--FOUR SEPARATE FIGHTER-PROBES, WHICH DETACH FROM THE MAIN SHIP AND ACT IN FORMATION, UNDER THE PHOENIX PILOT'S DIRECT CONTROL.

THE PHOENIX'S TARGET--

--THE MALAGLON!

SIX MONTHS AGO, DURING A SURVEY OF NEAR PARALLEL UNIVERSES ABOARD SCANNER ONE, WE IN THE ATARI FORCE STUMBLED ACROSS A MALAGLON MINING PLANET!

THE MALAGLON HAD ENSLAVED THE NATIVE POPULATION-- STRIP-MINED THE WORLD'S SURFACE-- AND WERE BURROWING EVER DEEPER INTO THE PLANETARY CORE!

THEY CONTROLLED DOZENS OF SOLAR SYSTEMS-- PERHAPS HUNDREDS--

--KEEPING SCORES OF ALIEN POPULATIONS IN SUBTERRANEAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

WE DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO THEIR REIGN OF TERROR!

"UNFORTUNATELY, THE MALAGLON DEFEND THEIR MINING OPERATIONS WITH FANATICAL FEROCITY.

"EACH PLANET HAS SEVERAL MISSILE BASES, WHICH MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE THEY CAN LAUNCH KILLER SATELLITES--

"--NOT TO MENTION HUNDREDS OF LETHAL HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES--

"--AS WELL AS SPECIAL COMPUTERIZED SAUCER-CRAFT, POSSESSING A FANTASTIC DEATH-RAY TECHNOLOGY WHICH OUR SCIENTISTS STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

"AGAINST SUCH A RAY, OUR FIGHTER-PROBES' SHIELDS ARE LITERALLY USELESS."

IT WAS THE DEATH-RAY THAT SLEW OUR LAST PHOENIX VOLUNTEER, MISSION COMMANDER DAVID MARCUS!

DAVID...!?

FORGIVE ME FOR BREAKING THE NEWS THIS WAY-- BUT TIME IS *SHORT*, AND EVERY *SECOND* IS *CRUCIAL!*

OUR COMPUTERIZED *SCOUTS* REPORT THAT THE *MALASLON HAMSGUARD* IS MOVING TOWARD *OUR* SECTOR OF THE MULTIVERSE.

WE *MUST STOP* THEIR ADVANCE -- AND LIBERATE THEIR SLAVE WORLDS -- *NOW*, OR *NEVER*.

EACH OF YOU HAS *ALREADY* VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS MISSION.

ALL THAT REMAINS-- IS THE *CHOICE*.

CLINK

CLINK

DAVID... MY BIG BROTHER... *DEAD!*

STILL-- CAN'T *CONVINCE* MYSELF IT'S *TRUE!*

CLANK KA-CHINK

GOOD LORD.

THE NAME ON THIS *IDENTITY TOKEN* IS *MARCUS*--

BOB MARCUS!

READY, *COMMANDER!*

MORE THAN YOU CAN *KNOW!*

ONE GRIM BRIEFING LATER...

BOB, IF YOU'RE HEADED INTO THIS WITH A *GRUDGE*...

NO GRUDGE, COMMANDER.

DAVID DID *HIS* JOB--

NOW IT'S *MY* TURN.

ALL RIGHT-- BUT WE'LL BE *TRACKING* YOU IN *SCANNER ONE!*

LIFT-OFF!

FROM THE BATTLE-SCARRED GLOBE KNOWN AS *EARTH*, TWO FANTASTIC CRAFT RISE *SPACEWARD*, BORNE ON PILLARS OF INVISIBLE FIRE.

THE FIRST BRISTLES WITH WEAPONRY, FOR THIS IS THE *PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER*, MOST ADVANCED WARCRAFT EVER TO LEAVE EARTH'S ORBIT.

THE SECOND, SMALLER, IS *SCANNER ONE*, SCOUT SHIP OF THE *ATARI FORCE*, UNDER THE CONTROL OF *COMMANDER CHAMPION* AND *MASTER PILOT PEREZ*.

WISH ME *LUCK*, COMMANDER.

I'M KICKING IN THE *WARP ENGINES*.

NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'LL EITHER BE *VICTORIOUS*--

KAZOOM

--OR *DEAD*!

HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO *LEAVE ORBIT* UNTIL WE'D COORDINATED OUR *NAV COMPUTERS*!

HE'S MADE *TRACKING* HIM--ALMOST *IMPOSSIBLE*!

I THINK THAT'S WHAT HE *WANTED*, MARTIN!

CONTROL COMPUTER, PLOT A *COURSE* ON PHOENIX'S PROJECTED WARP-PATH.

ACTIVATE WHEN READY!

ACTIVATING, COMMANDER.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

FWOOM!

PHOENIX TO CHAMPION:

IN WARP SPACE... PICKING UP THREE BLIPS ON MY SENSOR SCREENS...

LOOKS LIKE MALASLON SCOUT-SHIPS...

...MOVING THIS WAY IN ATTACK FORMATION!

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD THEY ARE!

LAUNCHING PROBE-FIGHTERS UNDER REMOTE CON-LINK!

KLAK

WU...

RRRRRRRR

KLAK

THIS IS FOR DAVID!

BAM

BAM

BAM!

WE DID IT!

LEAVING WARP-SPACE

THERE'S A PLANET DEAD AHEAD..

.. A MALAGLON SLAVE-WORLD!

I COUNT FOUR MISSILE BASES ON THE SENSORS.

THE MALAGLON MUST HAVE SPOTTED MY ENERGY FIELD ON THEIR SCREENS--

--THEY'RE LAUNCHING A FULL ATTACK!

WHOOM! WHOOOM

SIX MISSILES IN THE FIRST WAVE

PIECE OF CAKE

I'M BRINGING MY PROBE-FIGHTERS INTO ALIGNMENT.

...ACTIVATING THE FIRE-CONTROLS--

-WOW!

ZAM

ZAM

BDABBOM!

"SWITCHING TARGETS TO THE MISSILE BASES BELOW.

"THEY'RE IN MY SIGHTS--

KWHOOM!

"SCRATCH FOUR MALASLON STROMSHOLDS!"

TROUBLE

THEY MANAGED TO LAUNCH A SAUCER-CRAFT...

IT'S STARTING TO GLOW--

--GETTING READY TO FIRE ITS DEATH-RAY!

HAVE TO TIME THIS TO THE SPLIT-SECOND--

DOUBLE BULLSEYE!

ZAM!

ZAM!

TWA

WHAM!

SCANNER ONE, IN HYPER-SPACE!

DELAYED TRANSMISSION COMING IN FROM PHOENIX, COMMANDER

MARCUS IS ALIVE..

--AND APPARENTLY, HE'S WINNING!

SWITCH IT TO THE MAIN MONITOR, LYDIA

I JUST HOPE MARCUS ISN'T GETTING COCKY!

--JUST KNOCKED OUT MY EIGHTH MALABLON STAR SYSTEM, COMMANDER

THAT MAKES TWENTY-FOUR WORLDS WE'VE FREED.

I'M SENDING YOU THEIR COORDINATES

I'M BETTING THE WORST IS OVER

DON'T COUNT ON IT!

"SEVERAL PLANETS LAUNCHED KILLER SATELLITES...

"...OTHERS HAD A FANTASTIC ROTATION PERIOD THAT MADE TARGETING THEIR MISSILE BASES DIFFICULT...

"...AND SEVERAL GAS GIANTS FIRED STRANGE FIREBALLS THAT ALMOST WIPED OUT MY PROBE-FIGHTERS IN SPITE OF THEIR DEFENSE SCREENS.

"AND, OF COURSE, THE SAUCER-CRAFT WERE A CONSTANT DANGER."

MARTIN, HE HAS TO BE RECALLED!

NO ONE CAN STAND UP TO THAT KIND OF CONTINUOUS ONSLAUGHT..

HE CAN'T HEAR US, LYDIA-- WE'RE TOO DISTANT!

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT--

--HE'S ON HIS OWN!

PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, IN WARP-SPACE

I'M DEEP INTO MALAGLON TERRITORY, NOW.. NEARING THEIR HOME SYSTEM!

SENSOR'S SPOTTED THREE BLIPS..

.. MUST BE THE BAD GUYS.

EH? THEY'RE MOVING SO FAST..

I'M HIT!

LAUNCHING PROBE-FIGHTERS--

KWHAM

--BLASTING AWAY!

ZEZAM

ZAMM

BMHOOM!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

THEY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE -- FASTER THAN I EXPECTED!

FROM NOW ON I'VE GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL!

THERE'S A MISSILE BASE BELOW--IN MY SIGHTS--

ONE DOWN, FIFTEEN TO GO!

BLAM!

LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF MASTER BASE COMING OVER THE HORIZON.

THE BIGGER THE TARGET--

ZAMM!

--THE BIGGER THE BLAST!

I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT--!

THE PLANET'S REVERSED ROTATION--

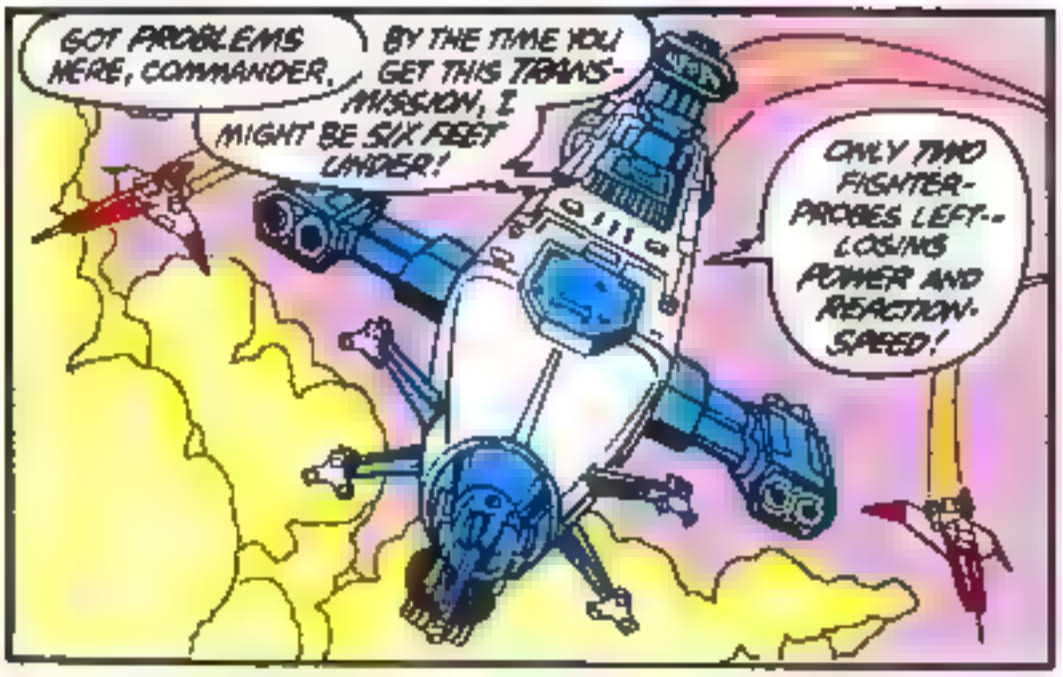
I OVERSHOT THE MARK BY A HUNDRED MILES!

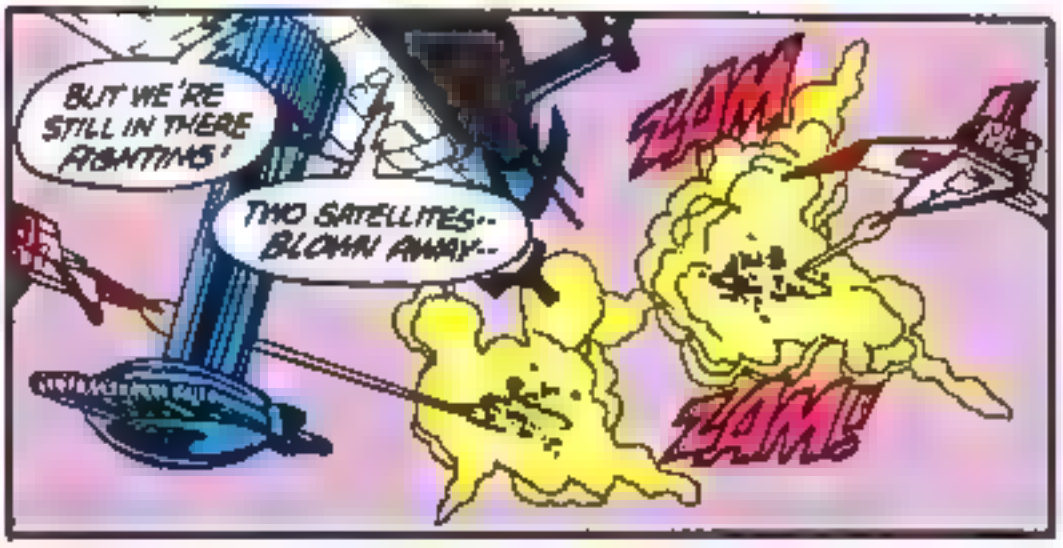
THE MALAGLOW COMMAND CAVE, DEEP WITHIN THE MASTER BASE:

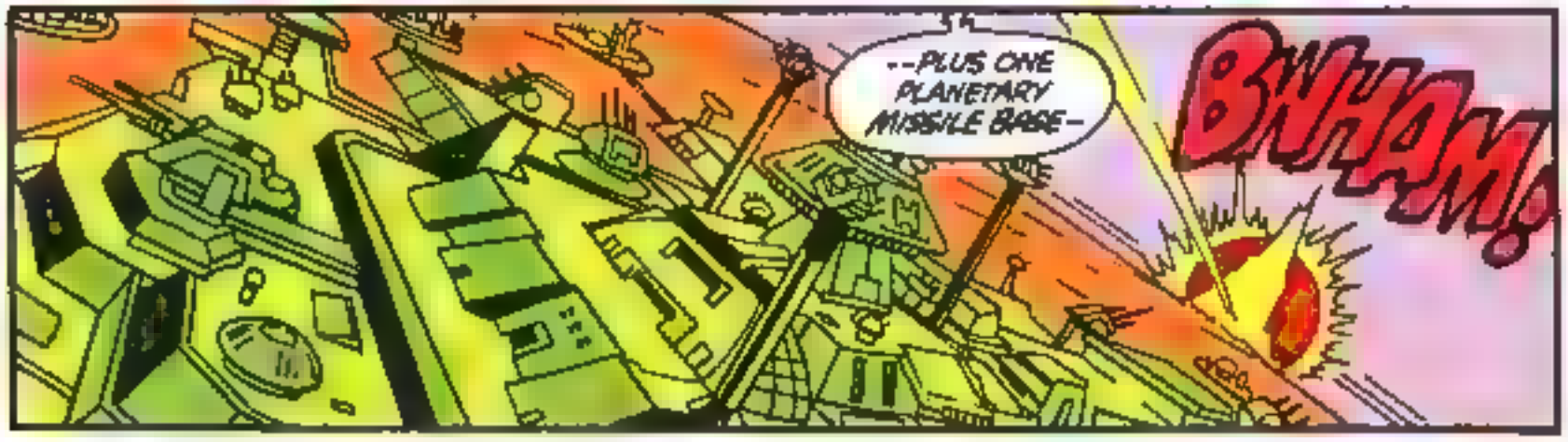
*(THE ALIEN IS HOPELESSLY BEWILDERED!) --TRANS.

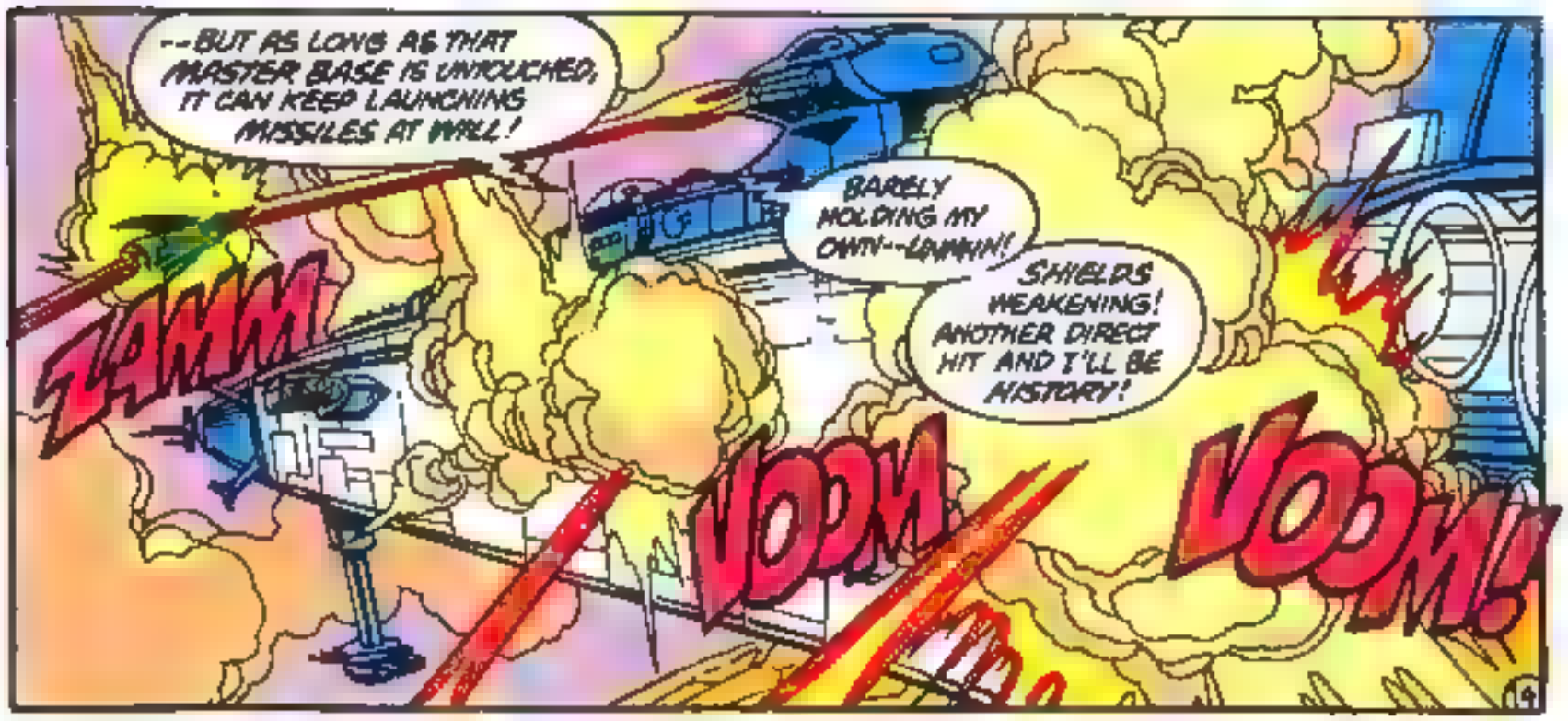
*(LAUNCH SATELLITE MISSILE BASES ON COMMAND!) --TRANS.

ONLY OPPOSED LIGHTS!
(LIKE TONGUING FLIES FROM A NET!) --TRANS.
(THE FOOL WILL DIE A PAINFUL DEATH!) --TRANS.


GOT PROBLEMS HERE, COMMANDER.
BY THE TIME YOU GET THIS TRANSMISSION, I MIGHT BE SIX FEET UNDER!
ONLY TWO FIGHTER-PROBES LEFT-- LOSING POWER AND REACTION-SPEED!


BUT WE'RE STILL IN THERE FIGHTING!
TWO SATELLITES-- BLOWN AWAY--
ZAM!
ZAM!


--PLUS ONE PLANETARY MISSILE BASE--
BWHAM!


--BUT AS LONG AS THAT MASTER BASE IS UNTOUCHED, IT CAN KEEP LAUNCHING MISSILES AT WILL!
BARELY HOLDING MY OWN--UHHHH!
SHIELDS WEAKENING! ANOTHER DIRECT HIT AND I'LL BE HISTORY!
ZAMM!
VOOM
VOOM!

LOSING POWER ON REAR SHIELDS!

ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE THE FORWARD SHIELDS GO DOWN--!

BUT I'VE GOTTA--KEEP TRYING TO HIT THAT MASTER BASE!

NO GOOD!

I FIRE ON THE EAST--IT MOVES THE PLANET WEST--!

ZOMM

[alien language]

[alien language]

[NOW, ALIEN--NOW WE FINISH IT!) --TRANS.

[READY FORWARD LASER BATTERIES--) --TRANS.

ZZAH

I FIRE WEST--AND THE PLANET ROTATES EAST!

NO MATTER WHICH SIDE I FIRE ON, THAT BASE MOVES IN THE OTHER DIRECTION! I CAN'T POSSIBLY--

WAIT A SECOND...

...WAIT A SECOND!

ZAM

THAT'S IT!

BRACKET THE BASE WITH BLASTS ON EITHER SIDE AT THE SAME TIME--

ZZAM

--AND THEY'LL ROTATE THE PLANET RIGHT ALONG YOUR LINE OF FIRE!

(*YAAAAHH!)

KRABOOM!

EPILOGUE:

--THAT CLEARS THE LAST MALAGLON STRONGHOLD IN THIS SECTOR OF SPACE, COMMANDER.

WE READ YOU, PHOENIX-- OUR ETA YOUR AREA IS ONE HOUR.

I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, COMMANDER...

...I WAS CARRYING A GRUDGE AND IT KEPT ME FROM THINKING CLEARLY THERE, NEAR THE END.

ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE.

ALMOST COST THESE SLAVES THEIR LIVES.

BUT THEY'RE FREE NOW... AND SO AM I.

END OF REPORT, PHOENIX TO COMMANDER CHAMAON...

...MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

THE ATARI ADVENTURE CONTINUES-- IN GALAXIAN ON SALE SOON!

THE END!

ATARI

C[illegible]0133